

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

Born January 29, 1844.

Died September 14, 1901.

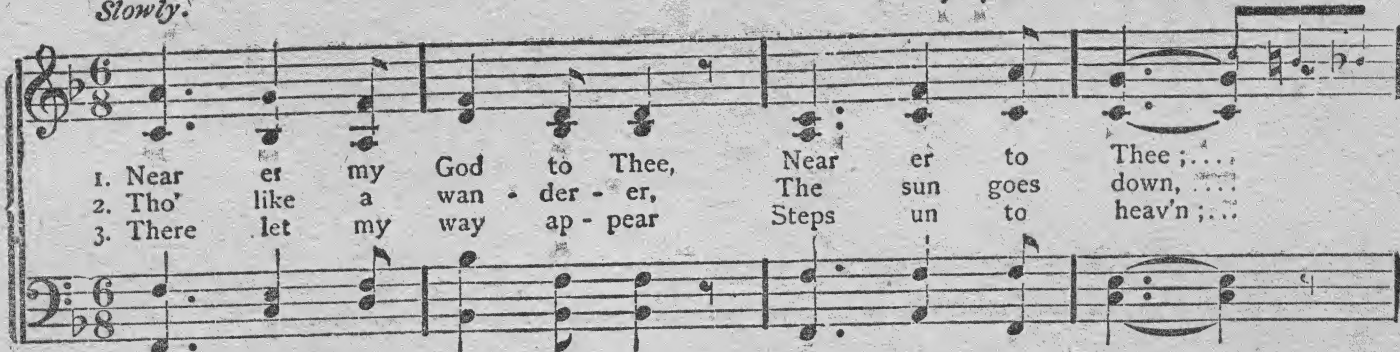
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No. 68.

Slowly.

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

Poetry by MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS.



1. Near er my God to Thee, Near er to Thee ;...
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun goes down, ...
 3. There let my way ap - pear Steps un to heav'n ;...



E'en though it be a cross, That rais - eth me,
 Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone ;...
 All that thou send'st to me, In mer - cy given,...



Still all my song shall be, Near er my God, to Thee !
 Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near er my God, to Thee !
 An - gels to beck - on me, Near er my God, to Thee !



Near er my God, to Thee, Near er to Thee...
 Near er my God, to Thee, Near er to Thee...
 Near er my God, to Thee, Near er to Thee...

4. Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be,
 Nearer my God to Thee, :
 Nearer to Thee.

5. Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the Sky,
 Sun, Moon, and Stars forgot,
 Upwards I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee, :
 Nearer to Thee.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me. Amen.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, in spite of fears;
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.